

THE LADY'S
WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

"To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
"To raise the genius, and to mend the heart."

VOL. VII

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1806.

[No. 6.]

For the Lady's Miscellany.

THE ROBBER.

An interesting narrative, from the pen of a celebrated English writer.

(In continuation.)

HE began by an eulogium on the great and well-known humanity of Mr. Sedley, and drew from it an argument to prove the very bad opinion which Mr. Sedley must have formed of the prisoner's wickedness, founded on the most irrefragable evidence; when he, even *he*, this man made up of the milk of human kindness, was induced to withdraw the protection which he had formerly shown him, and take him up on a charge of murder. Having then called witnesses to prove the discovery of the body, and to prove also that it was the person of a murdered man, and the probability of its being the body of Allen, he proceeded to bring evidence to prove that Theodore was the person who murdered Allen; but before he did this, he lamented that he was forbidden, by the mercy and forbearance of the laws of this country, to relate some previous occurrences in the prisoner's life which had a strong tendency to establish the likelihood of his guilt in the present instance. (During this part of the speech, Theodore was violently agitated, and so was Mr. Sedley.)

The principle and strongest evidence against the prisoner, was, it may be supposed, Mr. Sedley himself. He arose, pale and trembling, almost unable to speak, and declared on oath, that Theo-

dore had in his presence protested that he would be revenged on Allen, in consequence of the daily taunts with which Allen insulted him. After his examination, a long and various one, was at an end, Mrs. Morris, Mr. Sedley's housekeeper, was called to prove the circumstance of Theodore's having insisted on accompanying Allen to his room, and of his having been the last person who saw him; and she gave her evidence with so many tears, intermixed with such heartfelt praises of the prisoner, and prayers for his deliverance, (while the court vainly tried to stop her affectionate effusions) that her emotion became contagious, and Theodore himself was visibly affected.

Here ended the evidence for the crown, and the prisoner was told that he would now be heard in his defence. Theodore then, after a few moments of evident emotion and embarrassment, began as follows:—

"Gentlemen of the jury,

"You have just heard a very animated speech delivered with every grace of gesture and manner, and I know that I shall appear to every possible disadvantage, after what has just been heard, especially as I rise to disclose to you in all its enormity, that guilt to which the learned gentleman who has just sat down, only remotely alluded, for I am resolved that all shall now be known of me that can be known; I am resolved that the only crime which I ever committed, shall be publicly acknowledged by me; and I rejoice that I am thus arraigned at a public tribunal, because it enables me to lay

aside all concealment, and prevents me from ever trembling again in the presence of any one from the fear of detection.

Mr. Sedley, gentlemen of the jury, could have informed you, had the law allowed him, that, hurried away by a mad and fatal passion for a worthless, but fascinating woman, and agonized by the fear of losing her, I consented, in a moment of desperation, to lie in wait for him on the highway, and plunder him of his property:—but he could not have told you, nor can I myself, give you the faintest idea of the horror and remorse which seized me when I had committed the action; when I saw myself obliged, in self defence, to plunge still deeper in crime, and endeavour to take the life of Mr. Sedley then, in order to prevent him from taking mine by means of the law at a future session. Oh! if I live a century, the agony of that moment will never be effaced from my recollection! But, thank God! my murderous efforts were frustrated; Mr. Sedley was rescued, and I made a prisoner.

"Oh, hour of wretchedness! As I walked with him to his house, I saw nothing but my poor mother's frantic agonies when she heard of my guilt; I heard nothing but her agonizing shrieks, her dying groans: and methought that with her last breath she cursed me, and called me parricide!

"Ye who have affectionate parents, and who feel as children should feel, imagine, if you can endure to do it, my tortures that moment. Mr. Sedley, (and may every blessing here and hereafter

be his!) Mr. Sedley saw, and pitied my distress—he pitied my poor mother—he pitied me: he thought that I was a true penitent; and he nobly and piously tho't that he should do an action more acceptable in the eyes of the Supreme Being, by allowing me to live for repentance and amendment, than if, by delivering me up to justice, he cut me off in the prime of youth and expectation, and at the same time ran the risk of *destroying* my poor mother by sorrow and disgrace.

“He forgave me:—he did yet more—he trusted me; he allowed me to devote my life to him; and he promised, if on trial he was contented with me, to bestow yet further favours on me, and give me the means of being useful to him and to my fellow-creatures.

“I fell at his feet, fainting from excess of gratitude and joy: I recovered; and my heart took a voluntary vow, That from that day forward he should never have to blush for the being whom he had preserved; but, on the contrary, that my conduct should be such as to defy the severest inspector to fix on it, with *justice*, the slightest imputation of guilt. I vowed; and I have kept my vow:—yes, I have kept it faithfully, although you see me here arraigned before you as a revengeful, hateful murderer.

“But I bless God that I have been so arraigned; as I know that I can prove my innocence of that crime, and of every other, except the intended robbery.

“Besides, the false and injurious reports which have so industriously been spread against me in this country, I have now an opportunity of reducing publicly to a mere relation of matters of fact; and I shall have to answer for no crime but that which I in reality committed: and therefore have I suffered myself to be confined in a dismal dungeon—therefore have I consented to appear thus as a criminal at the bar.

“But I shall obtrude no longer on the

patience of the court, than by a few short observations. I would hold myself up as a dread example to the young, of the danger of illicit connexions, and of the fatal influence of a first crime on the whole of our future life. I know by that action, committed at the instigation of illicit passion, I have for ever blasted my prospects in life, and condemned myself to lead a joyless existence as an insulted, unattached, and solitary being;—for never shall a wife of mine be reproached with my disgrace; never shall a child of mine be taught to blush at calling me father:—No—all my future life must be spent in constant endeavours to expiate, by a series of active duties, the one disgraceful action which I committed against the interests of society and myself. By the death of a distant relation I am become rich; and I look forward with the cheering hope that those who this day have seen me tried as a murderer, and heard me own myself a robber, in intention at least, shall one day hear of me as a being who, dead to every personal gratification, endeavours to find happiness in administering to that of others; and, above all, who desires to make his peace with God and man, by atoning for one deeply repented crime by successive acts of utility and virtue. Nothing now remains for me to do, but to ask a few questions of Mr. Sedley, and then call one witness.”

Here he ceased:—and as soon as the strong effect and emotion produced by his speech, had subsided, he put the following questions to Mr. Sedley:—

“It has been industriously propagated, sir, that I purposely set fire to your study, and for two reasons;—First, because I knew that my life was in your power, and consequently wished to lay you under an obligation to me of a nature so sacred, as to make it impossible for you ever to deliver me up to justice, I therefore set fire to your study that I might rush in and save you from the flames, at the apparent risk of my life.

“Secondly, sir, I set fire to your study,

it has been said, in order to burn some pages of a journal written by you, in which my crime was noted down. I now therefore call on you to declare upon oath, how far such reports have been authorised by you.”

“They have not been authorised by me,” replied Mr. Sedley, eagerly. “I confess that at first I did suspect the fire was not accidental; but I soon learnt to blush for my suspicions, especially when, on Allen’s expressing his wonder that you should be so opportunely on the spot when the fire broke out, you answered that not being able to sleep much, from remorse and uneasiness of mind, you were in the constant habit of taking a solitary and midnight walk, and that you commonly walked past my study; and I here publicly and solemnly declare, that you, at the risk of your own life, rushed through the flames in order to preserve mine.”

“Now then, sir, to the second report,” said Theodore—“Did you ever find the papers which you missed after the night of the fire, and which led you, I am told, to suspect the fire not to be accidental?”

“I did—I found them locked up in a closet in my own lodging room.”

“There is yet another charge against me which has been circulated in conversation, namely, That I one evening, as I was following you home, gave you, with a murderous intent, a blow on the forehead, which felled you to the ground.”

“A most false and calumniating charge indeed,” indignantly exclaimed Mr. Sedley: “the blow was proved, even to the satisfaction of Allen himself, to have been given me by the arm of a tree which projected over the path; for the blow was on my forehead, whereas, had it been given me by you, it must have been on the back of my head. In short,” added Mr. Sedley, “I know of no actual guilt that can with justice be imputed to you, except that of the intended robbery; and God grant that you may prove yourself as free from the guilt of murder as I be-

lieve you to be of all the charges which you have now mentioned!"

(To be Continued.)

For the Lady's Miscellany.

Extracts from the writings of Cowper.
No. 2.

"THE dread of a bold censure is ten times more moving than the most eloquent persuasion: they that cannot feel for others, are the persons of all the world who feel more sensibly for themselves."

"Every scene of life has two sides; a dark and a bright one, and the mind that has an equal mixture of melancholy and vivacity, is best of all qualified for the contemplation of either."

"No man was ever scolded out of his sins. The heart, corrupt as it is, and because it is, grows angry if it be not treated with some management and good manners, and scolds again. A surly mastiff will bear, perhaps, to be stroked, though he will growl even under the operation, but if you touch him roughly, he will bite. Warmth of temper, indulged to a degree that may be called scolding, defeats the end of preaching."

"The wisdom of some men has a droll sort of knavishness in it, much like that of the magpie, who hides what he finds with a deal of contrivance, merely for the pleasure of doing it."

"A modest man, however able, has always some reason to distrust himself upon extraordinary occasions. Nothing is so apt to betray us into absurdity, as too great a deal of it; and the application of more strength than enough, is sometimes as fatal as too little."

"In all cases where we suffer by an injurious and unreasonable attack, and can justify our conduct by a plain and simple narrative, truth itself seems a satire; because, by implication at least, it convicts our adversaries of the want of charity and candour."

"Those events that prove the prelude to our greatest success, are often apparently trivial in themselves, and such as seemed to promise nothing; the disappointment that Horace mentions, is reversed—we design a mug, and it proves a hogshead."

"Fame begets favor, and one talent, if it be rubbed a little bright by use and practice, will procure a man more friends than a thousand virtues."

THE FAIR SEX.

THE softer sex, it is certain, are exceedingly injured in their education. If they were what they should be, they would be those lights in the picture of human life that are intended to cheer all its darkness and its shades.

There is an ease, delicacy, refinement, confidence, and expansion, which the mind never feels but in the friendship of a sensible, interesting woman. Without this friendship, our manners have not their proper softness, our morals their purity, and our souls feel an uncomfortable void.

They who talk degradingly of women, have not sufficient taste to relish their excellencies, or purity enough to deserve their acquaintance.

PORTRAIT OF A FEMALE.

..... AND one I know,
One gentle maid, whose mild and peaceful soul
Is awayed, and tempered by the very hand
Of softness and complacency: her heart
True and obedient to the touch divine
Of nature, and alive at every thrill
That flows from her pure influence, would own
Her magic in this vale—Oh gentle maid!
Oh were it granted to my longing sight
Hither to see thee bend thy graceful steps,
To watch the rising gladness of thine eyes,
The mild effusion of that charmed ray
That dawns with humid lustre, like the beam
Of dewy morn poured on the silent breast
Of the still waters!—yes, in thought I see

Thy kindling eye, I see the joy that dwells
In all thy inward thoughts, that speaks display'd
In every feature; while the playful breeze,
Fanning aside thy dark brown locks reveals
Thy polished forehead, tranquil, and serene,
The mansion of no frown: thy dark brown locks
Uplifted by the breeze, in gentle waves
Float on the dazzling snow of thy fair neck,
Blending its lucid white with lightest veil
Of pearly shade: I see thy rosy mouth,
Parted by such a smile as angels wear,
And thy soft cheek, suffused with all the glow
Of health and rapture; while intranc'd, thine eye
Drinks the bright prospect. BAYLEY.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

The many beauties of the following poetical effusions, will be readily acknowledged. They are the production of an English lady, recently arrived in this city from London. We should be happy often to enrich our Miscellany with the sweets of her fanciful Muse.

AN ADIEU TO MY NATIVE SHORES.

A Sonnet.

The sails unfurl'd, the canvass spread,
The bleak wind whistles round my head;
High o'er the mast the hardy sailor
Sings to the rude tempestuous railer.
The setting Sun in majesty retires,
I view, alas! no more my native spires:
Albion's high hills diminish with the day,
What is left but one wide watery way!
The waves that now beneath me roll,
What are your tumults to my troubled soul?
Say, ye loud winds that thunder on mine ear,
Your tempests what to that which rages here?
When with a longing, lingering, sad adieu,
I fly from love, from friendship, and from you.

—Julia Francesca.

ANOTHER SONNET.

I thought, nay, swore to bid adieu to Love
And all his hidden train
Of joys delusive, and of pain
Which every heart that owns his power must
prove.
I thought my bosom free
From all Love's tyranny,
And laugh'd at those that bow'd beneath his yoke.
Cold apathy awhile benumb'd this heart
Which oft has throbb'd with the envenom'd
dart,
But now, alas! the envious spell is broke!
Again I feel Love's magic in thine eyes!
Again I tremble at thy thrilling touch!
Again this panting bosom heaves with sighs,
Sighs, which from this rebellious heart declare
too much! Julia Francesca.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

(Selected.)

THE GENIUS
OF SHAKESPEARE AND OF MILTON
CONTRASTED.

BY THE LATE THOMAS DERMODY.

THE Italian writers compare the poem of Ariosto to a garden of melons ; where those that are good are excellent, and those that are bad, are worth nothing. On the other hand, Tasso is assimilated to a bed of cucumbers ; where all are ripe and sound, but destitute of that delicious relish which pleases the most refined taste.

Shakespeare (to use this allusion) is a wild garden : where peaches, plums, and apples are found ; some crude, some sour, some rotten, but some incomparable. He is a vineyard of plenty, where many of the finest branches are ruined, for want of the pruning-knife.—Shakespeare, like the world, is full of good and evil ; but his worst fare is so tempting, that we have not power to refrain from trying it. But the chaste, lime Milton, is, like his own Eden,

"A happy rural seat of various view:"

And his work is that fertile ground, out of which

"——— he caus'd to grow
All trees of noblest kind ; for sight, smell, taste ;
And all amid them stood the tree of life,
High, eminent, blooming, ambrosial fruit,
Of vegetable gold."

Nature is so arranged by him, as to receive an additional lustre from art ; and the exuberance of the earth appears more than the labour of the cultivator.

Shakespeare, when he soars, is borne by a Muse of fire beyond human sight ; but Milton, in his grandest moments, retains the light of reason. His ecstasies are the ecstasies of a philosopher : Shakespeare's are the flights of an invisible being. Notwithstanding this, their spirits are somewhat congenial ; for, allowing the variation of the epic from the drama-

tic, they move us by the same golden springs of pathos. In the art of exciting terror, I am not sure but that Shakspeare is superior : for instance,—the dream of Eve is painted rather tamely, though in just and beautiful colours ; while Clarence's vision displays the inmost recesses of horror, apprehension, pity, judgment, and admirable fancy. The characters, of Satan and Macbeth are both, indeed, extremely well managed, and in my opinion, extremely alike : they have the same courage, the same undaunted ambition, uncurbed freedom of will, and spirited fortitude in the hour of destruction. They both are conscious of their ingratitude and wickedness, both stubborn and relentless, and, even in the midst of their success, they seem to feel a boding of the consequence. The address of the arch-infidel to the sun, is a noble description of the remorse attendant on conscience : it shews that even Lucifer himself could not but find its sting. Macbeth in almost every situation, confesses his guilt, yet plunges into deeds of tenfold horror. Lady Macbeth might be also introduced here, but female tenderness denies her savage temper. The most apparent touch that distinguishes Macbeth from Satan, is in his cowardice and mean prevarication ; he exclaims,

"Thou can'st not say I did it,"

to Banquo's ghost, because he only commanded his assassination : Milton's hero gloried in his undoing ; and,

"——— fierce with grasped arms,
Clash'd on his sounding shield the din of war,
Hurling defiance to the vault of heaven."

Shakspeare is like a cataract : at one time rushing through rocks and caverns, foaming and terrifying ; then sinking into a sluggish calm, with nothing but the bubbles of his former sublimity. Milton is a full, not overflowing river ; and, like the river to the sea, hastening towards his illustrious design, never pausing, and seldom dangerous to the passengers. The very foibles of one are delusive and charming ; but the other, if ever he should descend, is flat, and liable to inferiority from

the nature of his performance. The wild scenery of Shakspeare is the unconnected magic of Merlin, variously diverting ; that of Milton is like Plato's Elysium ; enchanting, yet built on the basis of an opinion which bears the air of probability.

In a word, the former was a man of many faults and many virtues ; the latter nearly a pattern of perfection—perfection attained by study and dint of learning. Shakspeare was the child of fancy : Milton the child of judgment. Milton was the poet and critic too ; Shakspeare the poet only ; but such a one as

"We ne'er shall look upon his like again."

CHARACTER OF A BEAU.

THERE is a set of men whose whole employment consists in corrupting beauty : these, the silly part of the fair sex call amiable ; the more sensible part of them, however, give them the title of abominable. You will probably demand, What are the talents of a man thus caressed by the majority of the opposite sex ? what talents or what beauty is he possessed of, superior to the rest of his followers ? To answer you directly, he has neither talents nor beauty ; but then he is possessed of impudence and assiduity. With assiduity and impudence, men of all ages, and all figures, may command admirers. I have even been told of some who made professions of expiring for love, when all the world could perceive they were going to die of old age : and, what is more surprising still, such battered beaus are generally most infamously successful.

A fellow of this kind employs three hours every morning in dressing his head, by which is understood only his hair.

He is a professed admirer, not of any particular lady, but of the whole sex.

He is to suppose every lady has caught cold every night, which gives him an opportunity of calling to see how she does the next morning.

He is, upon all occasions, to show himself in very great pain for the ladies; if a lady drops even a pin, he is to fly in order to present it.

He never speaks to a lady without advancing his mouth to her ear, by which means he frequently addresses more senses than one.

Upon proper occasions, he looks excessively tender. This is performed by laying his hand upon his heart, shutting his eyes, and showing his teeth.

He is excessively fond of dancing a minuet with the ladies, by which is only meant walking round the floor eight or ten times with his hat on, affecting great gravity, and sometimes looking tenderly on his partner.

He never affronts any man himself, and never resents an affront from another.

He has an infinite variety of small talk upon all occasions, and laughs when he has nothing more to say.

Such is the killing creature who prostitutes himself to the sex till he has undone them; all whose submissions are the effects of design; and who, to please the ladies, almost becomes himself a lady.

FORMER AND PRESENT AGES.

A Dialogue.

'You think the men of former ages were guilty of as great vices as those of the present?'

'Greater:—but they did not make a system of vice; they were hurried into it by their passions. Theirs were the crimes of men. There is a disgraceful, a contemptible meanness, in the vices, as well as in the persons of the present puny race; and neither their passions nor their bodies have sufficient prowess to make them commit acts that can entitle them to respect.'

'If they fight a duel, it is not in the heat of anger and desire of revenge; but it is done with as much ceremony and civility as if they were going to walk a minuet, or sip a dish of tea, and as little danger too; for, as they manage the matter, there is ten times more terror in a crab-tree cudgel than in lead and steel.'

'Why as to the merit or virtue of fighting duels, either in the old mode or the new, I believe we had better not talk of that.'

'The vestiges of ancient independence are wearing away. It makes my very heart ache to see the poor remains of towers that once defied the fury of tyrants and the war of elements, lie mouldering in ruins.'

'If we erect a building now, it is in such a light, frippery, unsubstantial style, that a pistol bullet would demolish it: a castle of cobwebs, spun in July and brushed away in November.'

'Sir, you are a man of sense.'

'And as to our commerce, we have poisoned the people with our teas, spices and spirits: we send to China for pipkins, to Hudson's bay for cats' skins, to Venice for window, alias, vice-blinds, and to Leghorn for tooth-picks, and fiddle-strings; and that the lower part of the community may not have the power to reproach and despise their leaders, vice, disease, and destruction, are imported in ship loads, and parcelled out in penny worths.'

THE SAILOR'S WEDDING.

ENTERING the only house of entertainment in the village, I was almost stunned with the rude and boisterous gaiety of the company it contained. At the head of a number of peasants, who were seated around a table, on which was a large bowl of punch, presided one of Neptune's sons, and by his side sat a

plump, rosy-faced girl, covered with ribbons, medals, and rings. As I entered, the landlord rose to welcome me: and I desired him to let me have a mug of ale, and something to eat.

"Avast, there!" cried the sailor, "and bring to—shiver me if any man has any thing aboard that I don't pay for. Come, my lad, bring yourself to an anchor. You shall mess with me to day, d— me."

I was seated at the table, and compelled to drink a bumper to the health of the couple that were to be married.

"Yes," exclaimed the tar, throwing his arm round his neighbour's neck, and giving and taking a smack that went off as loud as a fourteen pounder; "Yes, Bet and I are going to grapple: we only wait for the parson to give the signal, and—"

Here he was interrupted by the clerk, who came to let them know that the clergyman was waiting for them at the church. I followed the procession, and witnessed the scene that ensued in the church, between the parson and the tar. Every thing being quiet and orderly, the parson began, and presently came to,

"I, Richard Sprit, take thee, Elizabeth Bloomfield, to be my wedded wife, to have and to hold, from this day forward, for better, or worse, for richer or poorer—"

at these last words, the sailor made a dead stand.

"Say after me," said the parson—"D—d if I do," cried he. "Avast, there.—What do you think I'm such a lubber as all that comes to?"—"Well," said the other, "if you dont say you will do this, I can't marry you."

"Well, I won't then," he replied, "for better and richer, if you will—but d— me if I've any thing to do with poorer and worsers." "Then we have done," said the parson. When the sailor very sulkily agreed to go through the ceremony.

SATURDAY, Dec. 6.

To note the passing tidings of the times.

The dresses of the ladies worn on her Majesty's birthday, exceed in splendor, those of any former occasion. From a detail of forty dresses, we select the following for the gratification of our fair readers.

Countess of Jersey.—Was one of the most elegant dressed ladies at court: the petticoat and draperies were most superbly embroidered in bright and matted silver foil heads, in a rich antique pattern, and handsome antique medallion cornets in the same curious and costly embroidery; the drapery supported with rich tolio rope, and Chinese tassels of silver; body, train, and sleeves, also richly embroidered in silver foil heads: the whole of this dress, which was formed of apple-blossom crape, was universally admired for its singular neatness and superb elegance. Head-dress plume of fine apple-blossom ostrich feathers, with a brilliant coronet of diamonds.

Lady Mary-Ann Browne.—This beautiful young lady wore a dress particularly remarked for its simplicity and elegance: it consisted of white crape draped with lace, and festoons of blown roses; the train and body to correspond. Her ladyship's head dress consisted of white and pink feathers, and bandeau of roses. The whole was particularly becoming, and universally admired.

The Ladies Percy's.—White satin petticoats, with puckerings of purple crape, rich vandyke embroidery in silver relief, with white lame tassels a l'Egyptienne; train, purple crape richly ornamented to correspond. Head-dresses, purple tiaras embroidered, and elegant plumes to match. The peculiar elegance of these dresses attracted general admiration.

Miss Emily Smith.—Body and train blush-colour sarsnet, trimmed with blond, and a wreathing of small roses; petticoat

white crape, a Grecian drapery, elegantly drawn up and interspersed with bunches of blush roses. This dress displayed superior taste, and was more admired than any one in court.

Fatal Duel.—A few days since, it being Count de M——'s wedding day, he, according to custom, took his lady to the Opera; and after having provided for her one of the first boxes, and every thing that could be expected from a bridegroom, he himself came down into the pit, probably to hear all the praises that would be bestowed on his lady, whose beauty, set off with a splendid and elegant dress, attracted every eye and glass. Having afterwards mixed with the multitude, he, like the rest, conversed on the beauty with every beau who chanced to come in his way; and would freely give his opinion, not pretending the least acquaintance with her. His situation may be thought to have been pleasing.

But it is not given to man long to enjoy these exquisite feelings; his attention presently arrested by a small party at a little distance. He approaching, no doubt, to add to his happiness by hearing new praises, and admirers of his beloved object; but hearing these words, *est il possible?* often repeated, he became anxious, and penetrated into the midst of it. He heard a young officer ask a fop, who stood near him, whether he was acquainted with the lady? Yes, replied the rash fellow, and accompanied his yes with a confident nod; now you must know that a nod, in French signifies a good deal, according as it is used;—it signified *diabolical falsehoods*, the fellow not having ever had the least acquaintance with the lady, whose character was as untouched and pure as snow. Things were in this condition when the curtain was drawn up; there must be no noise then; no tumults.—Represent to yourself the situation of the wretched Count; he existed, if it can be called existence, until the act was over; and then with more coolness

than can well be imagined, went to the wanton fellow who had poisoned his happiness, "That lady, with whom you are so intimate, is my wife." "Well," said the other, "*qu'y puis je faire*."—how can I help it? The Count dragged him out, fought and fell. *Lon. fast.*

By an arrival at Boston from Rotterdam, Holland papers have been received to the 17th October. They are full of war-looking movements in France, Prussia, Russia, &c. The immense Prussian army had actually been joined by 20,000 Saxons, and the Russians are in much strength, though at a great distance, and were on the march for Germany. Every engine within the controul of Buonaparte appeared to be in motion, to give effect and success to his attack on Prussia. At the same time negotiations were still in operation between France and Prussia: which in the opinion of some gentlemen, would produce an accomodation of the existing differences. *M. Ad.*

It gives us pleasure to be able to allay the public fear respecting the fate of the Ferry Boat which left Courtlandt street dock about two o'clock in the afternoon of Wednesday, with the southern mail and 14 or 15 passengers on board. In consequence of the severity of the storm, she missed her port, but reached Staten Island in safety, between 8 and 9 o'clock in the same evening. *M. A.*

The President of the United States has issued a proclamation, dated the 27th ult. stating, that "information has been received that sundry persons, citizens of the United States, or residents within the same, are conspiring and confederating together, to begin and set on foot, provide and prepare the means of a military expedition or enterprize against the dominions of Spain, that for this purpose they are fitting out and arming vessels on the western waters of the United

States, collecting provisions, arms, military stores, and other means, are deceiving and seducing honest and well meaning citizens, under various pretences to engage in their criminal enterprizes, are organizing, officering, and arming themselves for the same, contrary to the laws in such cases made and provided; and warns all persons, under the penalties of the laws, to withdraw from the same without delay, and to cease all further proceedings therein, as they will answer the contrary at their peril. *M. Y. G.*

A letter from Liverpool, dated October 13, mentions that Lord Lauderdale left Paris the 10th, on his return to England.

DELTA's translations shall appear in our next number.

The city inspector reports the death of thirty-five persons during the week, ending on Saturday last, viz. of consumption 4, convulsions 4, decay 4, debility 4, dropsy in the head 1, dysentery 1, typhus fever 1, flux infantile 1, hives 4, inflammation of the lungs 2, old age 3, small pox 1, suicide 1, apoplexy 1, teething 1, worms 1.—Men 8, women 10, boys 10, girls 7.

CIRCASSIAN LOTION, FOR THE SKIN.

Only fifty cents per Bottle.

A Sovereign Remedy for surfeits, scorching from the heat of the sun, freckles, blights from cold and chills of winter, scorbutic pimples, or eruptions of the face and skin, however violent or disfigured; Animalcula generated under the cuticle or outer skin; prickly heat, shingles, ring-worms, redness of the nose and chin, obstinate cutaneous diseases, and for every impurity or unnatural appearance with which the skin may be affected. To be used as a common wash for clearing and improving the complexion, and in a superior degree, to preserve, soften, cleanse, and beautify the skin.

Sold in half-pint bottles, with printed directions at 4s. each, by appointment, at the Cullenian Medicine Store, 98 Cherry street, near New-Slip.

PECTORAL BALSAM OF HONEY.

INVENTED by the late Sir John Hill, for the cure of Coughs, Consumptions, Asthma's, Hoarseness, Defluations, Catarrhs, and all Phthisical complaints, difficulty of breathing, and a tough morning phlegm, it is the greatest of all preservers of the lungs, possessing the virtues of Honey and the richest Balsams, and never disagrees with the stomach.

It is as restorative as the Asses Milk, and has the addition of the most healing balsamics. as may be taken at all times. It takes off the fever, recruits the strength, raises and refreshes the spirits, clears all obstructions of the breast and lungs and cures common colds in a few hours.

It is for sale, genuine, at four shillings the bottle, at the Cullenian Medicine Store, No. 98 Cherry street, New York. Nov. 8.

Tortoise Shell Combs. A HANDSOME ASSORTMENT OF TORTOISE-SHELL COMBS, FOR SALE BY N. S M I T H,



CHYMICAL PERFUMER,
From London,
At the New-York Hair Powder
and perfume Manufactory, the
ROSE, No 114, opposite the
City Hotel, Broadway.
SMITH'S

Purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash ball, far superior to any other, for softening, beautifying, and preserving the skin from chapping, with an agreeable perfume, 4 and 8s. each.

Gentlemen's morocco pouches for travelling, that adds all the shaving apparatus complete, in a small compass.

Odours of roses, for smelling bottles. Violet and palm soap, 2s per square. His chymical blacking cakes, 1s 6d. Almond powder, for the skin, 8s per lb.

His circassia, or antique oil, for curling, glossing, and thickening the hair, and preventing it from turning grey, 4s per bottle.

Highly improved, sweet-scented, hard and soft pomatums 1s. per pot or roll. Rolled do 2s.

His improved chymical milk of roses, so well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, redness or sunburns; has not its equal to. whitening and preserving the skin to extreme old age, and excellent for gentlemen to use after shaving—with printed directions. 6s 9s and 12s per bottle, or three dollars per quart.

His Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair, and to keep it from coming out or turning grey, 4s and 8s per pot, with printed directions.

His superfine white hair powder 1s per lb.
violet double scented do. 1s. 6d do.
beautiful rose powder 2s. 6d do.

Highly improved hard and soft pomatums 1s. per pot or roll, double 2s.

His white almond wash ball 2. & 3s. each. common ditto 1s. Camphor 2s. 3s. do. Ditto vegetable ditto. Gentlemen's shaving boxes filled with best soap at 2s. each.

Balsamic lip salve of roses for giving a most beautiful coral red to the lips, cures roughness and chops leaves the skin smooth, 2s & 4s. per box.

Savonnette royal paste, for washing the skin, making it smooth, delicate, and fair, to be had only as above, with directions, 4s. & 8s. per pot.

His chymical Dentifrice tooth-powder, for the teeth and gums, 2s & 4s. per box.

SMITH'S assortment in the above line is very extensive, and each article will be sold on reasonable terms. * Suitable allowance to those who buy to sell again. Nov. 1

CISTERNs,

Made and put in the ground complete, warranted tight, by ALFORD & MARVIN,
No. 15, Catharine-street, near the watch house.
Nov. 1. 4t

W. S. TURNER.

NO. 29 PARTITION STREET,

INFORMS his friends and the public, that he practises Physic, and the profession of Surgeon Dentist.

He fits Artificial Teeth, upon such principles, that they are not merely ornamental, but answer the desirable purposes of nature; and so neat in appearance, they cannot be discovered from the most natural. His method, also, of Cleaning the Teeth, is generally approved of, and allowed to add every possible elegance to the finest set, without incurring the slightest pain or injury to the enamel. In the most raging Tooth ache, his Tincture has rarely proved ineffectual; but if the decay is beyond the power of remedy, his attention in extracting Carious Teeth upon the most improved Chirurgical principles, is attended with infinite ease and safety.

Mr. Turner will wait on any gentleman or lady, at their respective houses; or he may be consulted at the above place; where may be had, his Antiscorbutic Tooth-Powder, an innocent and valuable preparation of his own, from chymical knowledge. It has been considerably esteemed the last ten years, and many medical characters both use and recommend it; as, by a constant application of it, the teeth become beautifully white, the gums are braced, and assume a firm and healthful red appearance; the loosened teeth are rendered fast in their sockets, the breath imparts a delectable sweetness, and that destructive accumulation of Tartar, together with Decay and Tooth-ache prevented.

The tincture and powder may likewise be had at G. and R. Waite's stores, No's 64 & 38 Maiden Lane. Nov. 1.

This day is published, price 37 cents,

A NEW CATALOGUE OF BOOKS,

Which may be bought or read.

AT OSBORN'S BOOK-STORE, LIBRARY AND READING-ROOM,

No. 13, Park;

Comprising more than 15,000 Volumes, of the most useful and amusing works in the English and French languages; among which will be found many rare and curious Books in no other collection in America.

Every New Work of merit (excepting those only which are strictly professional) whether of European, or American publications, is always added to the Library and Reading-room as soon as it can be obtained. Nov. 8.

FASHIONABLE FENDERS.

J. BARHAM,

No. 103, Maiden Lane,

Has just received by the ship Robert Burns, from Liverpool an elegant and fashionable assortment of Japanned and brass Fenders, and by former arrivals, a handsome assortment of coccalico and black ground Tea trays, tea urns, plate warmers, plated goods, ivory and other knives and forks, satin wood tea caddies, black-tin dish covers, and all other articles suitable for housekeeping in the hard ware business, which will be sold on the most reasonable terms for cash or on credit.

A fashionable assortment of andirons, shovels and tongs, jam hooks, brass-nosed bellows, and hearth brushes, always on hand. Oct 78

For the Lady's Miscellany.

STORY OF MONIMIA.

"She flourished,
Grew sweet to sense, and lovely to the eye;
Till at last the cruel spoiler came,
Cropt this fair rose, and rifled all its sweetness,
Then cast it like a loathsome weed away."

Monimia was the lovely and accomplished daughter of an aged and worthy country gentleman. A young man of fashion, who lived in the neighbourhood, took advantage of the unsavory disposition of this innocent girl, and afterwards cruelly deserted her. In her distress she thus addresses him:

SINCE language only can express my pain,
How can I hope to move when I complain?
Yet such is woman's frenzy in distress,
We love to plead though hopeless of redress.
Perhaps, affecting ignorance, thou'lt say,
'From whence these lines? whose message to convey?'

Mock not my grief with that feign'd cold demand
Too well you know the hapless writer's hand:
But if you force me to avow my shame,
Behold them prefaced with MONIMIA's name.

Lost to the world, abandon'd and forlorn,
Expos'd to infamy, reproach, and scorn,
To joy and comfort lost, and all for you,
And lost, perhaps, to your remembrance too;
How hard my lot! what refuge can I try,
Weary of life, and yet afraid to die!
Of hope, the wretch's last resort, bereft,
By friends, by kindred, by my lover left.
Oh! frail dependance of consoling fools,
On lover's oaths, or friendship's sacred rules!
Too late in modern hearts, alas! I find,
Monimia's fallen, and thou too art unkind!
To these reflections each slow-wearing day,
And each revolving night, a constant prey,
Think what I suffer, nor ungentle hear
What madness dictates in my fond despair;
Grudge not this short relief—too fast it flies!
Nor chide that weakness I myself despise.
For sure one moment is at least her due,
Who sacrificed her all of life for you.

Without a frown this farewell then receive,
For 'tis the last my fatal love shall give;
Nor this I would, if reason could command,
But what restriction reins a lover's hand?
Nor prudence, shame, nor pride, nor interest
awaits;

The hand implicitly the heart obeys;
Too well this maxim has my conduct shown,
Too well that conduct to the world is known.

Oh! have I writ, as often to the flame
Condemn'd the after witness of my shame;
Oh! in my cooler, recollected thought,
Thy beauties and my fondness half forgot;
(How short those intervals for reason's aid!)
Thus to myself in anguish have I said:
'Thy vain remonstrance foolish maid, give o'er,

Who set the wrong can ne'er that wrong de-
plore.'

Then sanguine hopes again delusive reign,
I form thee melting as I tell my pain.
If not of rock thy flinty heart is made,
Or tigers nurs'd thee in the desert shade,
This would at least thy cold compassion prove,
That slender sustenance of greedy love:
Though no return my warmer wishes find,
Be to the wretch, tho' not the mistress, kind;
Nor whilst I court my melancholy state,
Forget 'twas love, and thee, that wrought my fate.

Without restraint, habituate to range
The paths of pleasure, can I bear the change?
Doom'd from the world unwilling to retire,
In bloom of life, and warm with young desire,
In lieu of roofs, with proper splendour gay,
Condemn'd in distant wiles to drag the day;
Where beasts of prey maintain their savage court,
Or human brutes (the worst of brutes!) resort.
Yes, yes, this change I could unsighing see,
For none I mourn, but what I find in thee:
There centre all my woes; thy heart estrang'd,
I weep my lover, not my fortune chang'd.
Blest with thy presence, I could all forget,
Nor gilded palaces in huts regret;
But exil'd thence, superfluous is the rest,
Each place the same, my hell is in my breast;
To pleasure dead, and living but to pain,
My only sense, to suffer and complain.
As all my wrongs distressful I repeat,
Say, can thy pulse with equal cadence beat?
Canst thou know peace? is conscience mute
within?

That upright delegate for secret sin;
Is nature so extinguish'd in thy heart,
That not one spark remains to take my part?
Not one repentant throb, one grateful sigh?
Thy breast unruffled, and unwet thine eye?
Thou cool betrayer, temperate in ill!
Thou, nor remorse, nor thought humane, can feel:
Nature has form'd thee of the rougher kind,
And education more debas'd thy mind.
Born in an age when Guilt and Fraud prevail,
When Justice sleeps, and Interest holds the scale;
Thy loose companions, a licentious crew,
Most to each other, all to us untrue;
Whom chance, or habit mix, but rarely choice,
Not leagu'd in friendship, but in social vice;
Who, indigent of honour, as of shame,
Glory in crimes which others blush to name.

These are the leaders of thy blinded youth,
These vile seducer's laugh'd thee out of truth;
Whose scurril jests all solemnities profane,
Or Friendship's band, or Hymen's sacred chain.

With such you lose the day in false delight,
In lewd debauch you revel out the night.
(O fatal commerce to MONIMIA's peace!)
Their argument's convince because they please;

Whilst sophistry for reason they admit,
And wander dazzled in the glare of wit.
So in the prism, to the deluded eye,
Each pictur'd trifle takes a rainbow dye;
With borrow'd charms the gaudy prospect
glows,
But truth revers'd the faithless mirror shows.
Oft I revolve, in this distracted mind,
Each word, each look, that spoke my charmer
kind;

But oh! how dear their memory I pay!
What pleasures past can present cares allay?
Of all I love for ever disposess'd:
Ah! what avails to think I once was blest!
Thy fatal letters, O immoral youth,
Those perjurd pledges of fictitious truth,
Dear as they were, no second joy afford,
My credulous heart once leap'd at every word,
My glowing bosom throbb'd with thick-heav'd
sighs,

And floods of rapture rush'd into mine eyes;
When now repeated (for the theft was vain,
Each treasure'd syllable my thoughts retain)
Far other passions rule, and different care,
My joys are grief, my transports are despair.

Why dost thou mock the ties of constant love?
But half its joys the faithless ever prove;
They only taste the pleasures they receive,
When sure, the noblest is in those we give.
Acceptance is the heaven which mortals know,
But 'tis the bliss of angels to bestow.
Oh! emulate, my love, that task divine,
Be thou that angel, and that heaven be mine.
Yes, yet relent, yet intercept my fate:
Alas! I rave, and sue for new deceit.
First vital warmth shall from the grave return,
Ere love, extinguish'd, with fresh ardour burn.
Oh! that I dur'd to act a Roman part,
And stab thy image in this fatal heart;
There rivetted to life secure you reign,
Ah! cruel inmate! sharpening every pain:
While, coward-like, irresolute I wait
Time's tardy aid, nor dare to rush on fate;
Perhaps may linger on life's latest stage,
Survive thy cruelties, and fall by age:
No—grief shall spread my sails, and speed me o'er
(Despair my pilot) to that quiet shore,
Where I can trust, and thou betray no more.

Might I but once again behold thy charms,
Might I but breathe my last in those dear arms,
On that lov'd face but fix my closing eye,
Permitted where I might not live to die,
My soften'd fate I would accuse no more!
But fate has no such happiness in store.
'Tis past, 'tis done—what gleam of hope behind,
When I can ne'er be false, nor thou be kind?
Why then his care, 'tis weak, 'tis vain—farewell!
At that last word what agonies I feel!
I faint—I die—remember, I was true—
'Tis all I ask—eternally—adieu!